

Six Months Aint No Sentence  
2016  
Jim Leftwich

Book 164

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05.10.2016

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the duration on its dlow

the furation on its dlow

the duration on its flow

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is meat in discussic galle.

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because a lot of A-team juice  
is just the muscle  
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is incomprehensible, the  
toes are quick

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between beautiful knots  
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ourselves life my finally,  
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become our time,  
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David Wojnarowicz

from Close to the Knives: A Memoir of Disintegration, 1991

A number of months ago I read in the newspaper that there was a supreme court ruling which states that homosexuals in america have no constitutional rights against the government's invasion of their privacy. The paper states that homosexuality is traditionally condemned in america & only people who are heterosexual or married or who have families can expect those constitutional rights. There were no editorials. Nothing. Just flat cold type in the morning paper informing people of this. In most areas of the u.s.a it is possible to murder a man & when one is brought to trial, one has only to say that the victim was a queer & that he tried to touch you & the courts will set you free. When I read the newspaper article I felt something stirring in my hands; I felt a sensation like seeing oneself from miles above the earth or looking at one's reflection in a mirror through the wrong end of a telescope. Realizing that I have nothing left to lose in my actions I let my hands become weapons, my teeth

become weapons, every bone & muscle & fiber & ounce of blood  
become weapons, & I feel prepared for the rest of my life.

|||||

There is a tendency for people affected by this epidemic to police each other or prescribe what the most important gestures would be for dealing with this experience of loss. I resent that. At the same time, I worry that friends will slowly become professional pallbearers, waiting for each death of their lovers, friends, and neighbors, and polishing their funeral speeches; perfecting their rituals of death rather than a relatively simple ritual of life such as screaming in the streets. I worry because of the urgency of the situations, because of seeing death coming in from the edges of abstraction where those with the luxury of time have cast it. I imagine what it would be like if friends had a demonstration each time a lover or a friend or a stranger died of AIDS. I imagine what it would be like if, each time a lover, friend or stranger died of this disease, their friends, lovers or neighbors would take the dead body and drive with it in a car a hundred miles an hour to washington d.c. and blast through the gates of the white house and come to a screeching halt before the entrance and dump their lifeless form on the front steps. It would be comforting to see those friends, neighbors, lovers and strangers mark time and place and history in such a public way.

But, bottom line, this is my own feelings of urgency and need; bottom line, emotionally, even a tiny charcoal scratching done as a gesture to mark a person's response to this epidemic means whole worlds to me if it is hung in public; bottom line, each and every gesture carries a reverberation that is meaningful in its diversity; bottom line, we have to find our own forms of gesture and communication. You can never depend on the mass media to reflect us or our needs or our states of mind; bottom line, with enough gestures we can deafen the satellites and lift the curtains surrounding the control room.



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Noam Chomsky

The Trilateral Commission has issued one major book-length report, namely, *The Crisis of Democracy* (Michel Crozier, Samuel Huntington, and Joji Watanuki, 1975).

[...]

The report argues that what is needed in the industrial democracies "is a greater degree of moderation in democracy" to overcome the "excess of democracy" of the past decade. "The effective operation of a democratic political system usually requires some measure of apathy and noninvolvement on the part of some individuals and groups." This recommendation recalls the analysis of Third World problems put forth by other political thinkers of the same persuasion, for example, Ithiel Pool (then chairman of the Department of Political Science at MIT), who explained some years ago that in Vietnam, the Congo, and the Dominican Republic, "order depends on somehow compelling newly mobilized strata to return to a measure of passivity and defeatism... At least temporarily the maintenance of order requires a lowering of newly acquired aspirations and levels of political activity." The Trilateral recommendations for the capitalist democracies are an application at home of the theories of "order" developed for subject societies of the Third World. The problems affect all of the trilateral countries, but most significantly, the United States. As Huntington points out, "for a quarter century the United States was the hegemonic power in a system of world order" — the Grand Area of the CFR [Council on Foreign Relations]. "A decline in the governability of democracy at home means a decline in the influence of democracy abroad." He does not elaborate on what this "influence" has been in practice, but ample testimony can be provided by survivors in Asia and Latin America.

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David Peel  
Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 6  
to Tomislav, Matt  
<http://teamrock.com/feature/2016-03-22/the-tale-of-david-peel-the-dope-smoking-hippy-who-became-the-king-of-punk>

Matt Ames <mattames76@gmail.com>

Apr 6  
to me, Tomislav  
Fascinating, I'd never heard of him. It doesn't seem like any of the traditional narratives of punk's evolution are ever complete, there was even the release of Death's album a few years back.  
I do like some Wayne County though:  
<https://youtu.be/Nmi459G3g5k?t=32m10s>

On Wed, Apr 6, 2016 at 8:43 AM, Jim Leftwich

<jimleftwich@gmail.com> wrote:

>

> <http://teamrock.com/feature/2016-03-22/the-tale-of-david-peel-the-dope-smoking-hippy-who-became-the-king-of-punk>

Attachments area

Preview YouTube video The Punk Rock Movie #1  
The Punk Rock Movie #1

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 7

to Matt, Tomislav  
i had an older cousin who was a high school hippie. i  
remember he got in trouble with his father for playing me Up  
Against the Wall when i was probably 12 or 13. too late, the  
damage was done...

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 7

to Matt, Tomislav

A Reference Of Female-Fronted Punk Rock: 1977-89

a FREE 325 track female-fronted punk rock international  
anthology

some of this is on you tube.

i'm not sure if all of the links work here or not.

[http://waldina.com/2012/09/16/a-reference-of-female-fronted-  
punk-rock-1977-89/](http://waldina.com/2012/09/16/a-reference-of-female-fronted-punk-rock-1977-89/)

[http://kangnave.blogspot.com/2013/05/a-reference-of-female-  
fronted-punk-rock.html](http://kangnave.blogspot.com/2013/05/a-reference-of-female-fronted-punk-rock.html)

Matt Ames <mattames76@gmail.com>

Apr 7

to me

I bought a sampler this week. I bet it's something you could  
make some interesting things with.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 7

to Matt

i messed around with garage band some a while back.

it had some sampling functions, rough cut-and-paste stuff.

did you ever use it?

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discussion in and are  
agreements moment  
of provide their  
hold

the often other  
the still multinational  
day while others  
marginalized internal and

misleading of that  
great standard morning

people discussion in and are  
agreements evincing moment  
of provide militias their  
hold classes

the dirty often other  
the still nasty multinational  
day while others was  
marginalized internal and George

misleading of disobedience that  
great spectators standard morning

discussion in and are fails  
agreements neoliberal moment  
of power provide their  
significance hold

the often doctrine other

the institutions still multinational  
corporations day while others  
marginalized democratic internal and

misleading of shifted that  
great standard morning disenchantment

discussion in and are angry  
agreements moment research  
of provide their attributes  
hold rapidly

the often other shadow  
the still multinational bureaucracy  
day while others undermined  
marginalized internal and monetary

misleading of that austerity  
great standard morning harsh

05.11.2016

embedded discussion in and are  
flag evincing moment  
planting provide militias their  
math bone classes

cupboard dirty often other  
doors still nasty multinational  
chassis while others was  
scrap internal and George

scramble of disobedience that  
fabric spectators standard morning

polka-dotted in and are fails  
postcards neoliberal moment  
classic power provide their  
toothbrush missing hold

buried often doctrine other  
circuit institutions still multinational  
declined day while others  
plucked democratic internal and

dismissals of shifted that  
rewrites standard morning disenchantment

scattered in and are angry  
disappearance moment research  
recovered provide their attributes  
aspirational rapidly

inclusion often other shadow  
summer still multinational bureaucracy  
traps while others undermined  
esoteric internal and monetary

firsthand of that austerity  
private standard morning harsh

private firsthand esoteric traps  
summer inclusion

embedded discussion in and everyone  
flag evincing poetry  
planting provide militias smoking  
math bone hours

cupboard dirty often readings  
doors still nasty skinny  
chassis while others subsidize  
scrap internal and railroad

scramble of disobedience job  
fabric spectators standard project

polka-dotted in and are persists  
postcards neoliberal launch  
classic power provide lunch  
toothbrush missing abyss

buried often doctrine smouldering  
circuit institutions still nonstop  
declined day while codifying  
plucked democratic internal agendas

dismissals of shifted mistaken  
rewrites standard morning flipping

scattered in and are pitfalls  
disappearance moment decades  
recovered provide their boundaries  
aspirational self-portraits

inclusion often other self-portraits

summer still multinational touchstone  
traps while others subjugation  
esoteric internal and commitment

firsthand of that mechanized  
private standard morning exaggerates

it was  
vicious for emerging  
amok

unseen  
evident  
battle over wages  
intends  
to force  
proclamations  
about winter

resist  
our own rallies  
between acting words  
vulnerable  
and furious  
spectrum

chin partners in  
previously  
putty  
rights  
shoulder the  
suits maximum  
char



understand also warming  
beans/factor  
focus synonymous  
destructive climate stems  
sea-level  
in particular authors

the Profit Dog among Basquiat  
the artworks  
which million  
postwar in comparison  
about to fail even  
lots low center

hybrid  
were mold  
of the near

relationship calculus  
trice fetish  
certain lizard zaum beats  
juniper blue canned dada  
are mountainous, pure and leery

various flanks of long  
unexpected  
manner in the iguanas

literally imbued with carrots

peculiar informed hybrid  
memory-ride  
coastal moments responding

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years unified currently  
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debt study

fiscally years unified currently  
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negative debt study

years simply unified currently  
system overarching doctors the report  
person smug with  
ridiculous scary health experts  
irresistible zero dangerous  
debt Washington study

years unified embargo currently  
system doctors eastern the report  
person with stories  
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debt study deception

scion years unified currently  
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irresistible dangerous ego presumption  
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ridiculous health loaded cycle experts  
critique irresistible autonomy dangerous  
debt meaningless vehicle study

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tooth to them a  
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homoge res write-board  
significance tthat thas  
co-abunda the wand bat

with goat elements  
sock-goat  
like the savvy green book

left-Kafka kiosk  
meanings feeling remembered islands

noon or cells  
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the stereotypes debunk

are who performand from vivic

terms condit  
among band new moss

hope  
and potato-ark  
crisis

poetry working  
doing many circles  
measures  
the poetry themselves

cultic fire

it horizon

blinc thei stop  
the sens

poetry again, natic debot  
human eyemusic  
camera bette futures  
poetry is a parachute  
unwound by fiddles

cutting  
the political writing  
traditional quotation  
edge is not fiction of light  
freedom trimming them  
the angel  
with huge  
wings,  
sacred poets quoting freedom  
a generatic baft epig

baft epig generatic  
epig baft generatic  
epig generatic baft  
baft generatic epig

dirty wings, logue  
also vision-one  
in eaten this

angels over cesses in deep presumes

solves  
confus  
ion of  
the pe  
rsonal  
binary

disregard  
legged depiction  
from the  
1970s

maps challenged cepted shape

writing comments (and they...)

the line  
of the poem steps  
upon the feather-ladder

foaming disciplines howeve roam  
at the rose lamp instruction  
horks publie  
the bell damp flat

soap moon rocks flint  
on a fire, in  
the gully of the eye

tooth-any crucial  
crucible  
far-reaching were  
sequences of sentences

meandering evidence  
for long experimentations

the secret roots  
of the primary conduction

Burroughs  
adopted a  
mad adver  
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Burroughs, who had been looking for a way to deconstruct linear plotting and characterization and word-use in general in his works, immediately recognized the revolutionary and evolutionary nature of the cut-ups. Here was a medium where Korzybski's beloved multiplicities of meaning could be carried on indefinitely with every new conjunction of rearranged texts. What he liked about this was that it 'severed word-lines', as he put it, freeing the reader from old thought patterns and forcing new semantic reactions, as Korzybski would have put it, from the organism-as-a-whole.

His excitement at this discovery was partly because he had been instinctively groping towards a method like the cut-ups in his own artwork, but also partly because he, like Korzybski, abhorred the simplified mass media, because of his uncle Ivy, with its half-chewed soundbites and cheap easy sloganeering. He saw the cut-ups as a way to combat the vicious verbal excesses of the newly minted spin doctor-and-madvertising age, killing the psychological control mechanisms inherent in the bombastic bombardment of manipulative electronic media. And coming from a writer who briefly worked in New York in an ad agency as a copywriter himself in his 20s, he would have had a very clear unsentimental view of what verbal dog food the corporate pushers manufacture to make us buy their useless products.

[illegible]

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develop musical  
leaderless  
gatherings  
aspire improvising  
spontaneous  
ensemble nights

05.12.2016

tooth regic ear  
the forefront  
front yard  
discourse suitcase  
identity political  
golf course  
most nights  
a group of  
insignificant fireflies  
alter the uncertain  
ego an age ago

thriving yearbook thesis  
the rise of 1 per  
cent deep Hong Kong image  
suppose the prose of  
the trans-Siberian  
volt-grinder  
the chin-hinge flute  
the free yak chowder  
wave-pattern occasional  
bird conference  
the finger-hat lute

back then i was barely  
sixteen such a hot  
and crazy teenager  
that my heart was  
burning like the  
Telesterion at Eleusis

For among the many excellent and indeed divine institutions which your Athens has brought forth and contributed to human life, none, in my opinion, is better than those mysteries. For by their means we have been brought out of our barbarous and savage mode of life and educated and refined to a state of civilization; and as the rites are called "initiations," so in very truth we have learned from them the beginnings of life, and have gained the power not only to live happily, but also to die with a better hope. --Cicero, Laws II, xiv,  
36

from Rekindling the Entheogenic Light  
by Terence McKenna

Written as a Foreword to The Road to Eleusis by R. Gordon Wasson,  
Albert Hofmann and Carl A. P. Ruck, but not used.

1998 marks the Twentieth Anniversary of the first publication of The Road to Eleusis. Twenty years is long enough for a child or an idea to reach the threshold of maturity. The ideas which the authors – the banker, the chemist and the classicist – brought forth have been largely unchallenged and ignored by specialists in the culture of ancient and Classical Greece. The situation seems to fulfill the rule of thumb that when ideas are controversial they are discussed, when they are revolutionary, they are ignored.

And without contest the ideas put forth by this unlikely threesome are revolutionary indeed. But why? Of what possible import could the methods and materials of a dead mystery cult hold for this world of the third millennium? The answer is simply this: that how we understand and explain to ourselves what transpired at Eleusis determines in large measure our spiritual values and our relationship to the dark uncharted vastness of the entheogenically illuminated mind. The extinction of the cult at Eleusis was a small part of the tumult and turmoil that gripped the Ancient World as its syncretic and celebratory polytheism was harried and hunted to extinction by hate-crazed mobs acting in the name of their Prince of Peace. Let us not pass over the fact that Aleric the Visigoth, the destroyer of Eleusis and much else of the Ancient World, was as thoroughly Christian as he was barbarian.

Often in my mind's eye, I have visited that evil day when the dark smoke of rape and pillage defiled the blue of the Attic sky, and the ominous standard of the crow, insignia of this barbarian chieftain, fluttered and snapped in the sullied air, a mute witness to history shaping atrocity. It was a day of unthinkable acts; the Telesterion breached, the priesthood shattered, the sacred lineage terminated by murder and diaspora. If there are truly pivotal moments in human history, then this surely was one of them. For as the authors of The Road to Eleusis make clear, the day before that day of rampage was the last sane moment that Western man was to know for nearly 1500 years. The destruction of Eleusis cut the umbilical cord of the developing Western mind, severed its connection to the great mysteries of the earth mother/Great Goddess and the still more

ancient cults of Crete with its connections further south and deeper into time, to the bedrock of the African genesis of consciousness and ecstasy in our newly evolved species.

"who had stolen the treasure..."

"of the terrible Old Man of the Mountain"

1978

William Burroughs: Old Aleister Crowley, plagiarizing from Hassan i Sabbah, said: Do what thou wilt is the whole of the Law.

Tennessee Williams: Regarding drugs, you mean?

Burroughs: Regarding anything. And then Hassan's last words were "nothing is true; everything is permitted." In other words, everything is permitted because nothing is true. If you see everything as an illusion, then everything is permitted. The last words of Hassan i Sabbah, The Old Man of the Mountain, the Master of the Assassins. And this was given a slightly different twist, but it's the same statement as Aleister Crowley's "Do what you want to do is the whole of the Law."

long on realitystorms  
lunch lurches  
clanks scrap the demons and  
the dogwheels  
in the locomotive holes unleashed  
are we really a long way from Madison Heights?  
No, not really, no.  
the story  
feels  
the distances

the chicken-trains  
the toy wings of the devil

splashed with hummingbird  
temple dazzle lyre gong  
hair hanging down  
like the vines of the sun

kept the slept bells  
of Venice Beach  
the electric rust  
the sex pistols problem  
Eat your heart out on a plastic tray  
You don't do what you want  
Then you'll fade away  
the bus moves forward and the sun moves backward  
every train is  
absurdly canned  
peas  
the face of the sofa soda  
all the stationary clocks  
glimpsed in the static  
blood  
tangled up  
in the tracks  
the astounding warshops gully  
the bus station  
is a new  
grocery  
parabolas carom pool  
at The Theater Club  
up all night Inauguration 81  
"this will be good. after  
Reagan no one will ever  
fall for this bullshit  
again." wisdom from the  
old guard on Haight Street.  
there are trains that never meet

So many associations images I can't get into my poem Because  
I'm still such a really bad poet Because the universe rushes  
over me And I didn't bother to insure myself against train  
wreck Because I don't know how to take it all the way And I'm  
scared.

the fighting never  
stopped  
leaping bibliography newspapers  
memoirs anything as verse  
forgetting how to play

my notes

we left the station  
to the sad sound of  
God Save The Queen

as we came closer to Virginia  
which snored like a forest fire

I'd swear I was drunk for over 300 years  
But I was playing the piano



i deciphered all the  
garbled poems  
of the scattered wheels  
hairpin office fire  
at the last  
farm-sifter sitar  
driving the witch-possession  
dements a violet  
beauty

goat-warmth,  
the soud color  
of the vowels  
of France

I wish I'd never started traveling

I'm going to  
sit on my couch  
and watch basketball  
to remember my lost youth again

|||||

Jim Leftwich  
from MYESIS  
1998

Prolegomena

agape

but not by the word of love alone.  
Once a utopian poetry is appropriated as aesthetic value, envied when the  
wind forgives the will in friendship, mysticism as experience is



post-apocalyptic subjectivity: this is where we live. Mysticism freed of mysticism, the study of vocables as political instantiation, true woven rue the finer half of never, eye mist at most at first relieved of frost shoulders against the love you wrought and the words you ought, folded, then sorted, nestled in imaginary order, those who bold against the worthy offer will intended wilt no tales until the will continues. The I is a stilled dictation, a dream of freedom in the silence of belief, the uselessness of form as Apollo, even the lover is vulnerable to this favor, less estimated into the wound than escaped through both, are the prickle lift you tenet this life is as bad as he was a forgery now in angry image the fallen ambient, love and woven desire flower astrally in youth, gate against the steeple in the direction of the hand, of private speculations, which moreover never had anything mystical, that is secret, about them, for whining west describes the parameters of the present textual context. As if, for example, citations from alongside, and I at any flower only bone. Love resolved to wind forgoes in rapture one to cure its edges, withstand if blood which reasons many nerves, south of the will to be a ship if probability of the eyes not openly lost in wings but of the other ether, either past the open trophy or merely hardship. Whether her case is a hate I have against the bars of history, for that always absent stillness, the point where time stops, where identity takes its action, the holy tree, or a play of breaths in whispered ice, who has the totem of youth's unrest you emblem with him as heir, you cannot be divulged in either hand as blithe or bitter oration, like the nine arches of Delphi, not being is an argument, a transduction of lightning, a tradition of serial narcissism, angle bracket. Periodic openings half-enclosed against the previous, furthermore materiality. The valence of no finer hate than bled by tainted word into intent, the venue when to breathe is a lapse of illness spoiled. They are as much as the eyes are echoed to note the knots. Taken to shout the folds about my self, a hiss against the breath these images unhinge, hand which is a newer grass, born as a guided doubt inside the ear, subjective. Each individual brings to any experience a unique context. Mine is the removal of the cultural characteristic and outstanding feature of the mythical world, any law by which it is governed - it is this law of metafiction, metathesis, you hear belief in the telling, a country only folded in the florid hold, again below you a reason to live this dirge I wrought to sever honestly from belief, in the hidden wonders evolved against our sundered fables, reptiles rejuvenated by displaced pronouns, you of which the enjoyment is her own, the force of love to stew the knots downward into the moisten, as if begotten, not to guess the added beat repeated.

Mother to the rules of lustral time, now first known in mysteries of myself, not my concern to therefore withstand the I in nerves, weed flitting rife

prey sentry spline surd hurdle huddled lumber tumbling thighs festive  
pencils ceilings, all of us initiates in the class of consumers. Formed as  
if I was complicit in a finer silence, more literature than gently howling  
the emptiness of destiny, into which you were remiss as the care of a  
restive tree, reading the plane-tree as a poem of griefs, cold thought  
deliciously sacred to the anguished spot, the Sacred Road, people of all  
classes, added to the wine at the ceremony of its dilution with water. A  
description of such, abnormally sweet and therapeutic, sloping the bride  
gently into an incomprehensible chorus, as hands were not needed to achieve  
it, intellectual propriety adjusts the opaque corners of the eye read as  
Hecate, thought's uncovered love, the certainty. A mystic, who was an artist  
but no Greek, once wrote: He who does not imagine if you say the real is the  
border of the real, I reason the eye myself in blood and friends apart, the  
sections contain what I am able to write in one session (there are a few  
glaring exceptions). Rest, I am that arch of knots not thinking in found  
spells, white cowl before the whores like a manner of worldly cows, no hand  
unborn in the yellowed imposture, no unknown youth arranged in a filament of  
howls. If I have followed bizarre paths, I do not excuse those who endlessly  
amuse themselves with oddities. The human mind is as if decomposed [the  
vulture returns to think about what course, useless, less than what Duchamp  
speaks for us as theme], but to linger over the decomposition, to take  
pleasure in it, is more and more opposed to my way of thinking. I would have  
liked to write a book such that one might not draw facile inferences from  
it. I would not want one to provide my book with outcomes which are  
dishonest: [regurgitation army wicker denying word of drool, dance, ripples  
pulsate, wrap empty wedge, graphic audible transform nature mountains I  
first verbs in a house of liquor and loot, the origins of modern culture] I  
would prefer that one disparage it, or better, that one not take any notice  
of it (Georges Bataille). Quality of experiences, but the one who  
experiences stands outside the flow, measured. The ways in which I didn't.  
The flexion of the dirt is the cause of my light, intuited to speak the  
evocation undifferentiated in shining halves, shaven free from knots and  
unburied by the conifer, the benthic agate conducive to turn their love to  
embers. Wind into the nave endured when they return, but not to bleed in  
affairs of history or quest, by openness to invent a beginning for these  
thoughts, disguise being will still gratified by the beauty of the lover,  
more willing to say it is than the seem almost. Here where the indispensable  
weathers have been composed, voyaging devour volant doting dots results  
begin to lose their schizophrenic floorboards. Temporary denial dressed in  
needs unbidden, or hidden in the hymn, or written in the organization of a  
painting as a context for thought, the dialectic of political unrest.  
Gives hymn pliant if you listen glistening gifts, exuberant, so braids an  
old malpractice, chiming zeroed lamination (laceration), everything is

music, the passive discontinuity as regards my presence which is not my own, cause is greater than the intention of the will from which it depends. Do you still think thought should settle like sunset among loyalty and fiends? Associations eager to suit the virtuous virus, better than the end then will invented not yet invited to attend, interpreting. Something splits, in consciousness, mostly grateful and gradual not to be able to gravitate towards those least able to share in normal love, their progeny their norm of glory, nor to those as quarreled within your will to shower friendship, the further point ill-advised but no option allowed perhaps to whisper the lover's tool for thought less easily than this fissure wrought or hidden to be breathed in fire. I believe that in which you now are social, no matter of Socratic guess or quiescence of formal fevers, like you my phantom indifference indeed is causal amber, no bier by now to adjure your drive in Hellenic coils, music is the architecture of capital. Power is the crucible of the people, musical caprice: sound is Doubt: the imaginary night, a genre of foundational toof all action of the good not any one word meaning I or wonder bruises, buttressed by the lean, a social well.

In that you will note the Kore, limited to the intricacies of consciousness, nihilism, or the dominion of eternal chaos. Gulf of the dialogue by the banks of the Ilissos and nearer the fatal amethyst, welcome from the lyrical wail walled in graven fields, for I have an end of belief in the acumen of mentation, thought shut up in the eye is a lyrical night. Grace of love, a core of the bestial plan. Hymn marbled in flayed water, slain gauntlet near the temple, work undone by tainted health which entered the gulf of discourse. That true remark: squashed stone second language page building capital accident maxims cloud abstractions information: my love is my gravity. The call shall hear, if the wound is not the knotted thought it seems in youth, if the made is said in words by which it will go on. I do as I say, but less than I have. An illness of youth within its final craters, soul cornered in darkness after the fashion of kindred love, image of the night. Critical, a play recalls. The different followers of amounts to both and his detours, but not by a lesion shouldered against gabled lovers in the hymn, no rather demands as thought in tithes of the vulture's eye. Love is born of the eyes and the heart, the points widen in the beginning, sweetly one, but yoked to the cloak of youth. His mantra is his wound, fibrillation enacted for my part in strands of algebra, winds without going in doubtful loops of meaning as music in memory, ammunitions independent of combination. Permutations as writing a stretch of fluent inevitable. Graphic subaltern, I would not have these thoughts of divine love if only at my own expense. By the hand to do justice to the gift, a bourgeois expression of social collectivity, will against nausea, a nominal courting of priority. An age spent in lyrical ordeals. I see that I harbor a return, wound of the

pleroma, the fleshly love to turn aside and grow in fortunate knots. If I could grow the phantom in a speech of lyrical gulfs, lists of hearings until at last the winds of nothing, mist heated wants in blood of the thinning word, enallage is a real receptivity. There is no need to make this explicit in the new text; it is painfully apparent. Position, then winds he widens as the golden dog in health, along the sural axis as I believe, folds of hollow brooding. Assent shining what they invite to cloak a threshold fleece. Pillar blossoming spiritual love at midday, between the hand and the eye, along the angle of the thigh. There he saw the lessons, saw and saved in season, song rejoiced beneath the hymn to coil invited inventions. Fallen into the seams through an urge of familial love. Engaged against a theme of wounds. The eye is the shade of friendship and the gesture of its reward. Blood like an excess known in totems, erotic love is said to have the color of this tradition. Love is the exact signature of the night.

Pleasure his belted history present arranged in silken matters, who is afflicted for the patient artifice in that he is wrought by historical hesitations, serves to illustrate the heresy of Dionysos at Eleusis, erases all references to reason as regards our weather, memory, music, poet. There are styles of reading as well as styles of writing. There are styles of writing which attempt convinced by health to lever lament from choice formed in far more likely options, who is public as the lover in blood and will and pride of hunger, lover of the moon below the options of magic, this exchange entwined in contemptuous ardors because peopled by the pleasures of thought. Once more if night quarrels with precocious mist moral reason is always a fantasy bequeathed from shadowed febris exceeded by blood and other usurious advantages of the withered sensorium, superior in urgent lifts, rising in whole merit but without notated will. Rose the whole reversal of these latter bearings, knots. Flat bred reading breath prepared. A glaze of strikes against the thinner rally. Sinister almond hat, the particular experience which I face as a relation of experiments, an experiential concrescence of time, as if I am converted to the pallor of verbigeration. Cone to hymn a berry of the passionate eye, stuff, but it doesn't get any of us through the day. There has to be something going on right down here in his ends whitened by the fright of ships, remains with night in fathered youth, formed to save the I afraid of proffered wheats, which give no pain of offering to the life of feet or thoughts.

The concretion of juxtapositions, a collective utopia or communal relativity, induces an adagio of thoughts, the 'I' becoming as absence an allure of nausea. Diversity in that the spotted night you cross is arboreal and a palace, to sacramental roles indirectly Persephone, if as religio, the identity of its other unbroken by its wealth. Theories I've never noticed

inside the doubtful eye, analogous and a rational explanation discerned in the carrion dust, no finer hope than death, however she was the diction of silence torn from aerial pages, categories of tragedy within the verbal nihilism, as if I must go on, to rehabilitate these deeds which flow in apparent gestures, as if the hemlock breathes a natural health of culture.

Sopatros: I came out of the mystery hall feeling like a stranger to myself.

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Kisumu studio

Inbox

x

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 29 (13 days ago)

to Matt

Matt

i am chatting with Ferrari Akajazz, very interesting.  
what are you two doing together, a studio of some  
sort, in Kisumu? he has invited me to be part of it,  
and i think i am interested in trying.

Matt Ames

Apr 30 (12 days ago)

to me

I think we're gonna try to do some video work together. I'm helping him with some equipment. It looks like he's trying to get some other artists involved in the project, people from Kisumu. That'd be awesome if you did something with him. I think we could do some cool stuff with them.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 30 (12 days ago)

to Matt

i don't know what i can do, but doing something seems like a good idea.

Matt Ames

Apr 30 (12 days ago)

to me

The world is so strange, I met a guy from Kisumu today in Riyadh.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

Apr 30 (12 days ago)

to Matt

defying the laws of probability, the world is pretty good at that

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

May 9 (3 days ago)

to Matt

i've been chatting a bit more with Ferrari. we're still sort of getting to know each other, no real idea what we might do together...

Matt Ames

May 10 (2 days ago)

to me

I guess this thing is really gonna happen. I'd like to develop a more coherent vision of what might be.

Here's what I told Heather on FB, but it clearly needs work:

"It's not exactly clear but I think things are coming together. I hope that artists from the two communities can collaborate, chat, discuss their communities, become friends, share works, maybe target specific things. It's new and coming together!"

Maybe it starts slow and builds.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

May 10 (2 days ago)

to Matt

i'm ok with how it's going, just slowly and sort of tentatively exchanging one or two sentence facebook messages. i'm thinking eventually some kind of collaborations will happen, but right now i don't know what kind.

i just finished watching the warriors-trailblazers game. incredible game. curry in his first game back scored 17 in overtime, 40 total. it was crazy.

also, while i'm thinking about it -- the punk exhibit at the school is fantastic. i want to go back and spend a few hours with it. i ran into Andy at the opening and he was great, telling me stories and inside info from 20 - 30 years ago. i'd love to go through all of it with you.

Matt Ames

May 10 (2 days ago)

to me

I haven't been keeping track of the NBA at all here, I haven't figured out how to get the games, plus they're on at 2am or something. I'll check that game out though.

I'll be back in June for awhile. I wish the punk show would still be up but I'm guessing it won't be. Andy's house was Salem's punk central for years. Honestly, I look at it now and think I/we were obnoxious and drug drenched. I never lost my love of the intimacy of basement shows, DIY efforts. Yeah, I'd like to hear what he had to say and talk more, it was a provocative and confusing time for me.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

May 10 (2 days ago)

to Matt

some of the punk show looks and feels pretty obnoxious and druggy. that's what i expect and i don't respond to it as a negative. i love all the zines and flyers, all the wild text/image work. my first encounters with punk were actually fairly analytical. i was music director for the radio station at Guilford in 1977 when the first wave of punk promo copies landed on our desk. i was the only person at the station who was interested in finding out what was going on, so i took all the records home and tried to figure it out.

then i went out west and found a scene to get obnoxiously drunk and druggy in.

i've been reading some of the interviews Alice Bag has been conducting. it's interesting to find folks from the early days of the LA punk scene talking about John Cage, Cornelius Cardew and Henry Cow as influences.

the drummer for The Germs also played in The Los Angeles Free Music Society and Airway. he talks about sneaking Stockhausen influences into Germs songs.

the Bay Area punk photographer Ruby Ray recently said: By the late Seventies, all the bands that called for social change during the Summer of Love were long dead or gone: "The punks

were like, 'How come there was all this great music and now it's The Eagles and Linda Ronstadt?'

that's a pretty clear statement of punk appreciation for psychedelic hippie rock, which doesn't fit very well with the standard cliches about the hatred of punks for the 60s counterculture.

i remember in the late 70s some interviewer asked Johnny Rotten to name his favorite album and he said Desire by Bob Dylan.

that was a few years before The Replacements recorded Black Diamond Bay (which was about the same time that The Minutemen recorded History Lesson Part II, with these lyrics

Mr. Narrator,

This is Bob Dylan to me

My story could be his songs

I'm his soldier child)

i've always thought there was really a lot of continuity from the Beats to the hippies through to the punks. it felt that way at the time.

i was sort of in the same position as Mike Kelley, who said he was too young to be a hippie and too old to be a punk (i was eleven in the summer of love, 21 in 1977).

when i started going to punk shows i had hair to my waist. i felt like a hybrid, a mutant -- or a freak, which as i think about it now might have been just about right.

Matt Ames

May 10 (2 days ago)

to me

The Krippendorff family pretty much single handily brought punk to Salem. He made a bunch of these cassettes, I wish he/I still had them, he called Toxic Tastes. They were compilations of: Sex pistols, Bowie, Iron Cross, Dead Boys, Minor Threat.....etc. tons of stuff. That was the model from which I experienced the music. Before that my context was Beatles, Hendrix, ACDC. I don't think we had much intellectual grounding, we were in Salem for christ's sake. All the connections to historic movements came much later for me. I voted for Reagan and believed the UN was a communist conspiracy-just backward, uninformed stuff.

I can remember being a hardcore purist for a number of years before I discovered the "big room" - there's an infinite amount of great music. But I still return to that stuff: Cruckfucks, Dicks, Butthole Surfers, Black Flag, Circle Jerks. One of the weird things, in my experience of it, is how now it's all canonized and at the time you don't realize you're a part of something THAT amazing, you know? Not that I didn't have moments of "holy shit this is cool!" My guess is that historic connections to other movements came later for most if at all.

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

May 10 (2 days ago)

to Matt

that's a good way to get introduced to this music.



who are the other Krippendorfs, besides Luke?

we don't ever know what we're part of, in the sense of how it will unfold over decades. with the live shows i went to i didn't know and didn't care. i just liked being in those high-energy, chaotic environments. all of the bands were great.

it occurred to me this morning that all of the first generation punks were baby boomers. that's worth at least a little laugh. Johnny Ramone was born in 1948, which makes him a year younger than Bob Weir. Patti Smith is a year older than Bob Weir. Penny Rimbaud was born in 1943, the same year as Mick Jagger, Janis Joplin and Jim Morrison. Richard Hell and Bruce Springsteen were born in 1949.

have you ever hear any of the so-called "loss leaders" that Warner Bros put out? i had the ones from 1969 and 1970 when i was a kid. an order form came in a Hendrix record i bought. they were double record sets for \$2, with Beefheart, Zappa, The Fugs, Wild Man Fischer, The GTOs, Pentangle, Pearls Before Swine, Randy Newman... tons of odd tunes and folks. that kind of early, music-induced brain damage helped prepare me for the onslaught of punk later in the decade. they were only available through the mail (my first Another World Is Possible experiences in the mail!). <http://www.dustbury.com/music/wblist.html>

Matt Ames

12:49 AM (15 hours ago)

to me

who are the other Krippendorfs, besides Luke?

Matt, who still lives with Luke, Mary, Molly, Marsh and an older brother whose name escapes me at the moment.

John was a true nut. He was the wildest dude in the valley at that time I'd say by far.

Those Loss Leaders are super cool, I love these weird ways that music gets out to people.

\_\_\_\_\_

windows liked to drink the days

howling goatpoets

the sea entire  
were the flew  
holy characters thirsty

a moldy monk  
was reading  
The Legend of Akademgorod  
to me

gold almonds  
crusted with  
immense  
cakepoet routes

when the sun stinks  
and the heart blurs  
in the temple of adolescence

nothing has disappeared  
from the movie of wheels

it jumps on the road  
in a suitcase of sadness

now, i have made all the  
trains run the curse  
of my life

departing Babylon sonatas  
back tambourine pages  
cradle a fish  
cradle the moon  
cradle a circus  
cradle the trapeze piston lamp

a story  
far from the journey

feel the faraway barnyard speed  
the foosball tables of the devil  
our clipped emptiness  
cripples the crutches

twirled from windmills  
combs a bite of soul

nowhere Novgorod  
rather no trains

carcasses swept  
plague war eyes

belltowers  
feed birth

old adolescence

i was sixteen  
and wanted to fill  
constellated thunder

hunger  
salted the stations  
no one could depart

young comets folded my eyes

tell me,  
are we  
very far  
from Greensboro?  
nervous horizons  
shivering in  
blue snow.

the burning ashes  
the failing rain  
the spelling beat  
syllabic swirling

and i was already such a bad poet  
and i was already such a cad poet  
and i was already such a dad poet  
and i was already such a fad poet  
and i was already such a glad poet  
and i was already such a had poet  
and i was already such a lad poet  
and i was already such a mad poet  
and i was already such a pad poet  
and i was already such a rad poet  
and i was already such a sad poet  
and i was already such a tad poet  
and i was already such a wad poet

that I didn't know how to finish anything

spreading the sun  
presaged  
dissolved tongues

bodies pitched wheels  
wildly single wheels

streets smash the hungry sea  
a memory of hands and pigeons

rustling characters  
read the thirsty  
gold

they the they they  
thy thee thee thine  
No one's frightened of playing it  
Everyone's saying it  
Flowing more freely than wine  
All through the day I me mine  
I me me mine  
I me me mine  
I me me mine  
I me me mine  
coffins and one another  
one they their to  
the me an and  
no one in and  
hunger a canon and was  
i was i was  
back then  
they the they they

piano curse steam pistol marrow

yet is and i  
the and and the  
with the unraveling the  
that my that the  
my the was the

sad sole smoked dreamt  
which over blanket poor not  
my life wildly slept

tell me, are we far from Monroe?

Well, they gave him his orders in Monroe, Virginia  
Saying Steve you are way behind time

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville

we are a storm in the head of a deaf man  
we are a storm in the leaps of a shocks man  
we are a storm in the all of a heaps man  
we are a storm in the demons of a dogs man  
we are a storm in the wheels of a mad man  
we are a storm in the holes of a tears man  
we are a storm in the mouth of a heels man  
we are a storm in the poles of a swing man  
we are a storm in the wires of a sad man  
we are a storm in the snow of a peat man  
we are a storm in the rain of a flames man

we are a storm in the dead of a deaf man  
we are a storm in the dead of a leaf man  
we are a storm in the head of a dead man  
we are a storm in the heat of a deaf man  
we are a storm in the heat of a leaf man  
we are a storm in the heat of a dead man  
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we are a storm in the heap of a leaf man  
we are a storm in the heap of a dead man

05.13.2016

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lost albatross  
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limp encyclopedia  
irrigates disrepair  
a trash razor pours  
lake curtal soup  
the dove task squadron fin

belated alphabet supplement  
enacts the condensed dobro

limit-toes  
generic magic of  
suce o posthum  
alph

debut who  
with the common three  
letters also suct  
voluminous  
phases detuned

a minimum of  
serious  
disruptions

spoon

time orange thread

destroys the sea

dust-pirates  
of the red

gathering  
were thrown in  
circular books

notebooks  
dispersed conflicting  
inclusions

Orpheus  
beyond/between  
the petrified insistence  
of diverse  
napkins

sausage  
or tuna goat cathedral

guest checks  
inevitable  
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inanimate  
posthumous  
quasi-ephemeral  
twilit narrative kaleidoscopes

cutting the  
rose witch  
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perhaps  
express  
at a brain  
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perhaps  
socioknowhow  
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05.14.2016

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book = "a community  
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the kitchen a museum  
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the kitchen Roth has  
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the kitchen once preserved  
the kitchen rotting foodstuffs

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In 1964, Roth began a residency at the Philadelphia Museum College of Art, with the intention of creating a limited-edition artist's book.

Over the course of three months, he produced about 6,000 drawings, prints, photographs, and notes, binding several hundred of them into a volume that he intended to photograph and reprint as a paperback. The ill-fated edition was never produced. In the 1970s, Roth constructed a table and two chairs to house and display the book, which he called Snow.

test the  
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regarded muse  
increasingly decay  
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in 1961 Roth turned into visual noise  
down pages of various turned into visual noise  
any traditional sense turned into visual noise  
advertisements words are turned into visual noise  
daily mirror book turned into visual noise  
newspapers and magazines turned into visual noise  
snippets of images turned into visual noise  
meanings snippets and books turned into visual noise  
one-of-a-kind slicing turned into visual noise  
the daily tabloid chocolate turned into visual noise  
cheese mirror procedures turned into visual noise  
sausage edition structures turned into visual noise  
banana what sameness turned into visual noise

"Little tentative recipe: PRINT until you cant stand it anymore or  
[until] you dont want anymore, take away, for binding for instance,  
the sheets which the machine cannot take anymore (torn, wrinkled, or  
beautiful according to someone's taste), dont throw anything away"  
- Dieter Roth, [leaf] 1968

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hands-on  
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seizing  
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arena of  
second half  
coherence

biggest on-do  
hands-out on

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seizing Fluxus  
between 1930 materials  
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arena punk of  
second half liberating  
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on-goat do  
hands-on signaled  
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arena of concrete  
second typewriter half  
coherence dismissed

fragmentary on-do  
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05.15.2016

noise first call certainly any

noise with why organized books

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In 1964,  
Roth began a residency at the Philadelphia Museum College of Art, with the intention of creating a limited-edition artist's book. Over the course of three months, he produced about 6,000 drawings, prints, photographs, and notes, binding several hundred

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to discredit risks  
and other abuses will  
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shoe and the public soup  
beach beneath the serial  
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avant advertizing  
a strong predilection  
for thirsty signs

many fint copies of  
thrown doubt genetic  
horses with the  
botanical choice of  
boots  
goatwound spoken forge  
coat of pink tires  
boof zurid wash  
twenty-year peric  
with romanticist foaming  
coffee grounds  
had tradic tooth-razor  
where he taxi totem  
Chicago baseball  
typographic Edens of 1960  
public copies cut-up  
numb obsessions  
quantified innovative  
washing machine

in plumbing responsive  
collaboration  
spiritual toothbrush economies  
who rinse the letters  
the compromix  
by 1965  
the notebook coat rising tire  
rear view mirror  
undertook nibbling  
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indicate manufacturers  
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documents stamp covers  
unobtrusive gold  
surrounding depressionts  
lions misdirection  
cardiac calligraphy  
these equinoctial marks  
identify the  
flammable schema  
celestial among India  
this-least

copper many fint copies of  
thrown nickel doubt genetic  
horses with uselessness the  
botanical choice of galena  
boots blende  
goatwound spoken sulphide forge

coat of pink tires disappointment  
boof zurid mining wash  
twenty-nitrate year peric

surgery with romanticist foaming  
coffee luna grounds

had tradic tooth-sliver razor  
where he taxi totem silver  
Chicago nitric baseball  
typographic Edens dissolve of 1960  
public bismuth copies cut-up  
crucible numb obsessions

fixed air quantified innovative  
washing sal ammoniac machine  
in plumbing regulus of antimony  
responsive isolated collaboration  
spiritual hartshorn toothbrush economies  
who rinse the flower of zinc letters

the compromix with a good  
quick and smart fire by 1965  
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tire ration dissolving radio  
rear primordial view component  
mirror ingredients ambergris  
undertook volatile nibbling  
public futures gutter adept

roasting blindstamped deterrent  
indicate buttery manufacturers  
fluid corrosive bodies ruin  
dilute clear regulus in 1838  
documents mercuric stamp covers  
unobtrusive slime soot gold  
surrounding salve depressions

lions crasis/blas misdirection  
cardiac eyes/calcium calligraphy  
these crayfish/tartar equinoctial marks  
identify salt\certain the  
flammable lixviated/blue schema  
celestial resin/alembic among India  
this-residue least percolates

horses copper many fint copies of  
toothpick thrown nickel doubt genetic  
salve horses with uselessness the  
wounded botanical choice of galena  
weapon author urine boots blende  
linen goatwound spoken sulphide forge

ointment coat of pink tires disappointment  
dip a wooden stick boof zurid mining wash  
subtil oyntment twenty-nitrate year peric  
blue beat surgery with romanticist foaming  
grease-grown salve coffee luna grounds

ingredients had tradic tooth-sliver razor  
recipes snakepoems where he taxi totem silver  
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miraculous typographic Edens dissolve of 1960  
opponents public bismuth copies cut-up  
salve crucible salt numb obsessions proponents

linseed oil fixed air quantified innovative  
oil of roses washing sal ammoniac machine  
in feathered toothpicks plumbing regulus of  
antimony bole-armoniack orpiment fumaroles  
recipes responsive isolated collaboration  
formula spiritual hartshorn toothbrush  
economies "actio in distans" doctrine  
who rinse the flower of zinc letters salve

the compromix with a good verdigris  
quick and smart fire by 1965 borax  
the notebook transmutation descensories  
coat arcana rising distilled sublimatories  
tire ration dissolving radio curcumbites  
rear primordial view component chalk-egg  
mirror ingredients ambergris calcining fur  
undertook volatile nibbling potters clay  
public futures gutter adept argoil ant grint

mimosa horses copper many fint copies of  
toothpick badminton thrown nickel doubt genetic  
salve horses flamethrower with uselessness the  
wounded snakepoems botanical choice of galena

serpentchirps weapon author urine boots blende  
linen mimosa goatwound spoken sulphide forge

ointment coat badminton of pink tires disappointment  
dip flamethrower a wooden stick boof zurid mining wash  
snakepoems subtil oyntment twenty-nitrate year peric  
blue serpentchirps beat surgery with romanticist foaming  
grease-grown mimosa salve coffee luna grounds

ingredients not this had tradic tooth-sliver razor  
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linseed oil theme fixed air quantified innovative  
oil of variation roses washing sal ammoniac machine  
in feathered theme toothpicks plumbing regulus of  
antimony bole-variation armoniack orpiment fumaroles  
recipes responsive theme isolated collaboration  
formula spiritual variation hartshorn toothbrush  
economies "actio theme in distans" doctrine  
who rinse variation the flower of zinc letters salve

the vispo compromix with a good verdigris  
quick and asemic smart fire by 1965 borax



the notebook transmutation trashpo descensories  
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tire gestural ration dissolving radio curcumbites  
letteral rear primordial view component chalk-egg  
mirror collage ingredients ambergris calcining fur  
undertook volatile calligraphy nibbling potters clay  
public futures gutter poetics adept argoil ant grint

bodies roasting blindstamped deterrent  
possesses indicate buttery manufacturers  
magnetic fluid corrosive bodies ruin  
healing dilute clear regulus in 1838  
weapon documents mercuric stamp covers  
salve unobtrusive slime soot gold  
generative surrounding salve depressions

lions crasis/blas misdirection emanation  
cardiac eyes/calcium calligraphy solar  
these crayfish/tartar equinoctial marks rose  
identify salt\certain the Venus circle  
flammable lixiviated/blue schema cosm  
celestial resin/alembic among India spiders  
this-residue least percolates honeybees

05.16.2016

the text writes the author.  
the readers write the text.  
the context writes the readers.  
the authors write the context.

mimosa horses copper many fint copies familiar  
toothpick badminton thrown nickel doubt alienates  
salve horses flamethrower with uselessness destroys  
wounded snakepoems botanical choice of certainty  
serpentchirps weapon author urine boots social  
linen mimosa goatwound spoken sulphide consensus

ointment coat badminton of pink conditions disappointment  
dip flamethrower a wooden stick boof zurid capital wash  
snakepoems subtil oyntment twenty-nitrate comfortable peric  
blue serpentchirps beat surgery with language foaming  
grease-grown mimosa salve coffee messianic grounds

ingredients not this had tradic value-sliver razor  
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public futures gutter eternal adept argoil ant grint

stranger roasting blindstamped deterrent  
stunning indicate buttery manufacturers  
embrace fluid corrosive bodies ruin  
expressive dilute clear regulus in 1838  
perfected documents mercuric stamp covers  
against unobtrusive slime soot gold  
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lions accelerate misdirection emanation  
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these negate equinoctial marks rose  
identify variant the Venus circle  
flammable appearances schema cosm  
celestial cognitive among India spiders  
immaterial least percolates honeybees

Experimental Text/Book

Inbox

x

Matt Ames

May 12 (4 days ago)

to me

I've been keeping notes here, documenting a lot of things, reading Saudi history, Islamic texts, etc. All with an eye toward some kind of document. Something that incorporates design, photography, dreams, sci-fi, history....etc. Something that captures the real and the make believe. Have you come across anything that I might use as a guide or example? Do you know what I mean?

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

May 12 (4 days ago)

to Matt

i don't know of anything that seems like an actual guide, but here are a few things that might give you some ideas:

Ulises Carrion, The New Art of Making Books

<http://www.arts.ucsb.edu/faculty/reese/classes/artistsbooks/Ulises%20Carrion,%20The%20New%20Art%20of%20Making%20Books.pdf>

Ant Farm Collective, The Inflatocookbook

<http://alumni.media.mit.edu/~bcroy/inflato-splitpages-small.pdf>

Robert Smithson, Strata: A Geophotographic Fiction

<http://www.ubu.com/aspen/aspen8/strata.html>

Alison Knowles, The Big Book

<http://www.aknowles.com/bigbook.html>

Dick Higgins: "The Big Book is not in fact anything but an accumulation of ideas about books. And, therefore, its sculptural identity is not ultimately the most important. Coincidentally, one good thing Alison has suggested at one time was to make The Big Big Book and regard The Big Book as only the study for The Big Big Book.

The Big Big Book would be 80 feet tall, which is ultimately ten times as large in a conceivable way."

Dieter Roth, video interviews on various kinds of books he made  
[http://www.moma.org/interactives/exhibitions/2013/dieter\\_roth/interview-with-the-artist/index.html](http://www.moma.org/interactives/exhibitions/2013/dieter_roth/interview-with-the-artist/index.html)

William Carlos Williams, Paterson  
[https://ia801404.us.archive.org/31/items/PatersonWCW/Paterson-William\\_Carlos\\_Williams.pdf](https://ia801404.us.archive.org/31/items/PatersonWCW/Paterson-William_Carlos_Williams.pdf)  
an epic poem ("poem with history" - Pound's definition of epic)  
written in the 1950s. it's made of  
histories, philosophies, letters, newspaper clippings, short lyric poems, and more, all collaged  
together to make one large poem. i read the linked pdf a couple of months ago, with about 6 tabs  
open most of the time.

Blaise Cendrars and Sonia Delaunay, La prose du Transsibérien  
[https://monoskop.org/images/4/4c/Cendrars\\_Blaise\\_Delaunay-Terk\\_Sonia\\_La\\_prose\\_du\\_Transsiberien\\_et\\_de\\_La\\_petite\\_Jehanne\\_de\\_France.pdf](https://monoskop.org/images/4/4c/Cendrars_Blaise_Delaunay-Terk_Sonia_La_prose_du_Transsiberien_et_de_La_petite_Jehanne_de_France.pdf)

<http://www.bl.uk/onlinegallery/features/breakingtherules/btrtranssiberien.html>

Tango with Cows  
[http://www.getty.edu/art/exhibitions/tango\\_with\\_cows/](http://www.getty.edu/art/exhibitions/tango_with_cows/)  
[http://archives.getty.edu:30008/getty\\_images/digitalresources/russian\\_ag/pdfs/gri\\_2567-605.pdf](http://archives.getty.edu:30008/getty_images/digitalresources/russian_ag/pdfs/gri_2567-605.pdf)

Matt Ames

May 12 (4 days ago)

to me

These look great, I knew you'd have some ideas.

My working titles have been: Space Aliens Kidnapped Me and Told Me to Study Saudi Arabia or Princess Nurah's Palace is a Piss Palace.

Cendrars? I haven't thought about him in years-good call!

Jim Leftwich <jimleftwich@gmail.com>

May 12 (4 days ago)  
to Matt  
also

the collage books of Julio Cortazar, articles, essays, poems, short stories, and sketches by Cortázar  
In the 1960s, working with the artist José Silva, he created two almanac-books or libros-almanaque, La vuelta al día en ochenta mundos and Último Round, which combined various texts written by Cortázar with photographs, engravings, and other illustrations, in the manner of the almanaques del mensajero that had been widely circulated in rural Argentina during his childhood

The Journals of Dan Eldon

John Evans, Collages  
<http://www.artnet.com/Magazine/reviews/oisteanu/oisteanu1-4-05.asp>

The neo-Dadaist and East Village mail artist John Evans made a collage a day from 1964 to 2000,  
For the book, the publisher chose 364 collages, one for each date of the year (save one) -- spread over Evans' entire oeuvre. The collage of July 14, 1989, for instance, is followed by one from July 15, 1980. And in true diary style, one page is all but blank, bearing the inscription, "Bad Cold + Dreadful Inventory for Rentokil. No Collage."

maybe a combination of the two titles?  
Space Aliens Told Me Princess Nurah's Palace is a Piss Palace

mimosa familiar copper many fint copies  
alienates badminton thrown nickel doubt  
salve destroys flamethrower with uselessness  
certainty snakepoems botanical choice of  
serpentchirps social author urine boots  
consensus mimosa goatwound spoken sulphide

disappointment coat badminton of pink conditions  
wash flamethrower a wooden stick boof zurid capital  
snakepoems peric oyntment twenty-nitrate comfortable  
foaming serpentchirps beat surgery with language  
grounds grown mimosa salve coffee messianic

razor not this had tradic value-sliver  
silver that recipes snakepoems where he defined totem  
baseball not this serpentchirps essence nitric  
1960 that miraculous typographic Edens abstract of  
cut-up not this public bismuth extraction  
proponents that salve crucible salt concrete obsessions

innovative oil theme corpus air quantified  
machine of variation roses dissensus sal  
ammoniac regulus of feathered theme wages  
plumbing fumaroles bole-commodity armoniack  
orpiment collaboration combinatory theme  
isolated toothbrush multitudes variation  
hartshorn doctrine "actio theme in distans"  
salve rinse variation flower double zinc letters

verdigris vispo hand with a good  
quick borax poets smart fire by 1965  
descensories notebook transmutation trashpo  
sublimatories transitions zaum rising distilled

curcumbites divides ration dissolving radio  
letteral chalk-egg exits view component  
mirror fur ingredients ambergris calcining  
claymodifiers calligraphy nibbling potters  
ant grint futures gutter eternal adept argoil

deterrent roasting blindstamped  
manufacturers indicate buttery  
embrace ruin corrosive bodies  
expressive in 1838 clear regulus  
covers documents mercuric stamp  
against gold slime soot  
itself depressions salve

emanation accelerate misdirection  
solar contradicts calligraphy  
rose negate equinoctial marks  
circle variant the Venus  
cosm appearances schema  
spiders cognitive among India  
honeybees least percolates

05.17.2016

staircase th outdoc pyramic  
architexk to response  
echo toggles accoza  
grov hypothesis chirps  
incl ten temples when



design accidents  
theorized handclaps  
reverberate since acoustic

to this piano will  
tend tooth and  
drizzle heatwaves

pipe wrench likely  
to open combination  
locks by heat  
lightning

latitude of  
winter  
melting the  
hammer

the scheme stark apples snow  
casting choreographed  
orange bodies given the  
purple unnameable  
everyday box shoes  
narrative subjects  
nor business  
entice any irrespective  
primacy offering daring  
identities hovering  
shadows howl fever  
its  
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in soap  
continually innov st shot

like the beauty of  
thought in dust

nor buttons tooth  
millenn our economy  
institution interdependence  
common old occupatic  
proto-un concinuous  
sinuous  
discontinuous  
computer rot and riot  
in it is the  
poem of modernity  
plot it openly  
harnessed  
during ourselves

official waterways  
satisfied with  
beginning wiring  
post-ditch nor  
clawhammer scrapwood ego  
self-pallet jack  
rational wormholes scavenged  
the sudden threshold  
to capture  
images grandflowers  
irratioidinality  
is a simple fact  
of sweeping  
up up around the  
convinced magnolia ashram  
branches my feet days  
in total potato

created dirt not dirt dirt  
of dirt void dirt voice  
dirt praise dirt raise dirt  
say dirt due dirt dirt  
Marxist-Leninist dirt  
grow dirt goat dirt  
poetic dirt dirt poetics  
self-dirt self-reflexive  
dirt dirt concrete dirt  
paper dirt raw dirt real  
dirt deliberate dirt  
drift dirt witch dirt  
watch dirt what dirt  
no dirt nor dirt dirt none  
through dirt anti-dirt  
representational dirt  
legible dirt percolates  
dirt palimpsest dirt  
embrace dirt letteral  
dirt gestural dirt  
overlaid dirt dirty dirt  
lump dirt single dirt  
therein dirt flavored  
dirt dirt coat commercial  
dirt foreground dirt  
textual dirt textured  
dirt dirt clod dirt clump  
dirt code dirt clamp  
dirt lamp dirt lode dirt  
camp dirt crimp dirt limp  
resist dirt coagulate  
dirt reside dirt thwarts  
dirt subversive dirt  
fragmentation dirt  
dirt dirt semantic dirt  
well-suited dirt dirt dirt  
engulfed dirt dirt dirt  
immersive moving dirt  
dirt poetential dirt limit  
dirt articulates dirt

imposes dirt capitalism  
dirt hegemony dirt dirt dirt  
dirt unwilling dirt against  
dirt degenerated dirt  
dirt playfully dirt

especially created dirt not dirt dirt  
of quite dirt void dirt voice  
dirt praise clean dirt raise dirt  
say dirt due presumably dirt dirt  
Marxist-Leninist dirt sub-classify  
grow dirt goat become dirt

poetic dirt dirt continue poetics  
self-dirt continuously self-reflexive  
dirt visual dirt concrete dirt  
tlinnking paper dirt raw dirt real  
dirt puzzled deliberate dirt  
drift dirt lunch witch dirt

watch dirt what dirt type  
no dir nor dirt dirt unlikely none  
through dirt lettres anti-dirt  
teased representational dirt  
legible equal dirt percolates  
dirt palimpsest definition dirt

typographic embrace dirt letteral  
dirt possible gestural dirt  
overlaid dirt pictures dirty dirt  
lump dirt single non dirt  
therein dirt flavored questioning  
dirt dirt coat minimal commercial

purist dirt foreground dirt  
textual conversations dirt textured  
dirt dirt forms clod dirt clump  
dirt code dirt stereo clamp  
dirt lamp dirt lode alphabets dirt  
camp dirt crimp dirt limp surprisingly

resist dirt myself coagulate  
dirt reside concrete dirt thwarts  
obsolete dirt subversive dirt  
fragmentation material dirt  
dirt dirt semantic linearity dirt  
well-suited dirt jettison dirt dirt

engulfed dirt dirt dirt undertaken  
immersive moving numerous dirt  
dirt poetential correspondence dirt limit  
appearances dirt articulates dirt  
imposes farm dirt capitalism

open dirt hegemony dirtdirtydirt  
dirt hints unwilling dirt against  
dirt degenerated events dirt  
dirt playfully dirt door

05.18.2016

Icarus lemon everyone  
guilt by coffer  
bold rind unsound  
jars wizard through  
few caves

Icarus lemon veryone  
guilt by offer  
bold rind nsound  
jars wizard hrough  
few aves

carus lemon everyone  
uilt by coffer  
old rind unsound  
ars wizard through  
ew caves

lemon Icarus everyone  
by guilt coffer  
rind bold unsound  
wizard jars through  
caves few

lemon Icarus lemon everyone  
by guilt by coffer  
rind bold rind unsound  
wizard jars wizard through  
caves few caves

Icarus lemon eeveryone  
guilt by ccoffer  
bold rind uunsound  
jars wizard tthrough  
few ccaves

IIcarus lemon everyone  
gguilt by coffer  
bbold rind unsound  
jjars wizard through  
ffew caves

flick Icarus lemon everyone  
samovar guilt by coffer

heavenly bold rind unsound  
swill jars wizard through  
hover few caves

coal Icarus lemon everyone  
furry guilt by coffer  
curse bold rind unsound  
trespassing jars wizard through  
humming few caves

Icaru lemo everyon  
guil b coffe  
bol rin unsoun  
jar wizar throug  
fe cave

carus emon veryone  
uilt y offer  
old ind nsound  
ars izard hrough  
ew aves

caves Icarus lemon everyone  
few guilt by coffer  
through bold rind unsound  
wizard jars



caves Icarus lemon  
through guilt by  
unsound bold rind  
coffer jars wizard  
everyone few

Icarus lemon everyone few  
guilt by coffer jars  
bold rind unsound bold  
jars wizard through guilt  
few caves Icarus

Icarus lemon everyone flew  
guilt by coffer jams  
bold rind unsound bole  
jars wizard through guild  
few caves eye car us

May 27th Icarus lemon everyone  
guilt (always by coffer  
bold rind which the unsound  
jars wizard through processes as  
few results with caves

enthusiasm and Icarus lemon everyone  
guilt the pieces by coffer  
4 the bold rind unsound  
jars (unpublished here) wizard through  
in choosing few caves

can r Icarus lemon everyone  
writers includ guilt by coffer  
as piecc bold rind unsound  
book unvv jars wizard through  
unpublished essa few caves

Icarus lemon everyone flat  
guilt by coffer becoming  
bold rind unsound soulsoil  
jars wizard through roils  
few caves sunbeam

driving Icarus lemon everyone  
sunbeam guilt by coffer  
soulsoil bold rind unsound  
tolls jars wizard through  
fat few caves

in the end Icarus lemon everyone

here even the guilt by coffer  
the most modern bold rind unsound  
this morning jars wizard through  
look how young few caves

at last you're Icarus lemon everyone  
even the automobiles guilt by coffer  
the post modem bold rind unsound  
i saw a jars wizard through  
here's the young few caves

tuna fins Tuesday Icarus lemon  
everyone the icy meme guilt by  
coffer ball peen leap lust bold  
rind unsound the toe marches jars  
wizard through door-mirror few caves

Icarus lemon everyone encouraged  
flames guilt by coffer sang the  
voters bold rind unsound malady  
suite jars wizard through donut  
armor few caves lime magic quit

purple Christ Icarus lemon everyone  
wings time guilt by coffer  
change eats bold rind unsound  
lest dial the marbles jars wizard

through ill dissent few caves

client still salt Icarus lemon  
everyone guilt less angry volts  
by coffer bold rind eye care  
enough unsound jars wizard  
through floating tents  
few scar secret artery caves

soul in Icarus lemon everyone  
the toil queue guilt by coffer  
entrained dance bold rind unsound  
tulips lisp jars wizard through  
live raisins centipede few caves

Icarus lemon everyone troubles the norm  
guilt by coffer to eat the clarion  
bold rind the same medicine soars unsound  
jars parse rose frogs wizard through  
few rags juice above verbs middle caves